

Patching Him Up by elizabethcatherine

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Summary:

Missing scene from the S2 finale; fills in the blank between Steve's fight with Billy and him waking up in the Camaro. A little dose of hurt/comfort and fluff for the Steve-lovers out there.

Patching Him Up

Author's Note:

When we see Steve wake up in the car, he's been cleaned up a bit since the fight, acquired some Band-Aids and an ice pack. I wanted a scene where the kids took care of him a little.

Rated for language and nothing more; beware of season two spoilers ahead.

"Let's get out of here," Max said, the Camaro's keys dangling from her fist. Her face was an emotionless mask, as if she hadn't just doped and nearly neutered her stepbrother. The three boys could do nothing but stare at the carnage in front of them, and shocked silence stretched for a long moment. It was broken by a weak, wet-sounding groan from Steve, still lying prone among Will's scribbled vines.

"Shit," Lucas pronounced with finality. That sentiment snapped Dustin out of his stupor and he rushed to Steve's side, dropping to his knees on the Byers' hardwood floor. After quickly confirming that the bloodied teenager was still breathing, he spun to face the others, who seemed uncertain of what to do.

"Don't just stand there, help me!" he snapped, unsympathetic to their simultaneous flinch. "Lucas, get a damp washcloth and some Band-Aids. Max, check the freezer, find an ice pack. Mike, help me get him on the couch. We'll clean him up as best we can before we go."

"Uh, go where?" said Lucas. "Steve's down for the count and none of us can drive."

"I can drive," Max offered. "I've done it before. In a parking lot," she added somewhat sheepishly at their incredulous stares.

"Good enough," Dustin said, waving off the others' protests. "Now let's fix Steve so we can pack him into the backseat and go."

"No way is he coming with us!" Mike argued while Lucas and Max set

off on their respective tasks. “He’ll never let us go into the tunnels, he said so himself! And you *know* he’ll freak out if he wakes up while Max is driving.”

“He *won’t* freak out, promise,” Dustin reassured him. “And besides, what is he gonna do? Bleed on us?” He eyed Billy a few feet away; he seemed to have passed out. “We can’t leave him with *this* maniac.”

Mike didn’t look happy, but he nodded nonetheless. “Fine. But you’re dealing with him when he wakes up.” He took Steve’s legs while Dustin took his arms, and together they hefted him onto the couch.

“He’s lighter than I expected,” Mike commented offhandedly as Dustin stuffed a pillow under Steve’s neck. Ignoring his friend, Dustin tapped the unconscious teenager’s cheek gingerly.

“Steve? Wakey-wakey.” He didn’t, his head lolling slightly on the pillow. Scarlet blood dripped from his face in little beads, and the skin around his eyes was already sickly gray with bruising. “Man, he’s really messed up,” Dustin lamented, mouth twisting with sympathy as he brushed a wayward strand of hair out of Steve’s face. Lucas returned with a washcloth and a handful of multicolored Band-Aids, Max with her ice, and they got to work.

Within a few minutes, they’d cleaned most of the blood from Steve’s face as gently as they could, and Band-Aids now adorned some of the deeper cuts. Max held the checkered ice pack to a wound at his temple, the mark of her stepbrother’s vicious headbutt; the swelling had gone down a bit, she noted with satisfaction. Blood still oozed from the cut on his lip as well as from both nostrils, but Dustin declared that they’d done the best they could. Leaving Billy on the living room floor, he and Mike carried Steve’s lanky form to the Camaro and nestled on either side of him in the back seat. Taking the ice pack from Max as she started the car, Dustin pressed it to his injured friend’s forehead and thought about how crazy that was: Steve Harrington was his friend. *King* Steve Harrington, resident douchebag of Hawkins High, had just gotten his ass kicked protecting a bunch of thirteen-year-old losers like a knight in shitty armor. When Dustin thought about it, that was a pretty cool thing to do. So he buckled his seatbelt, smiled at the bruised and bloody boy beside him and waited for him to wake up.

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed - drop a review whether you did or not :P